

THE

23

PUPPET SHEW:

A

POEM

Humbly Inscribed to

Henny Pelham.

Οἷτε ἀγῶνες αὐτοῖς ἐγλυόνηο καὶ ἐπὶ ἀρχῆς
 Περὶ κήσευ μαλλον ἢ φιλοτιμία πρὸς ἀλλήλους.

ΑΠΠΙΑΝ.

O Cives, Cives! quærenda Pecunia primum est
 Virtus post Nummos.—

HORACE.



LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe in Pater-noster Row. 1748.

[Price One Shilling.]

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AMERICAN.

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D E D I C A T I O N

T O

H---. P---

I Hope, Good Sir, you'll find no Reason,
 To think what I have writ is T---.
 My only Purpose ne'er was worse,
 But to fill up an empty Purse.
 And if some Wag should change my Meaning,
 You cannot blame me for their Dreaming.
 Besides, it does not suit your Pity,
 To punish Men for being witty.
 If you grow angry, that I print,
 People will say there's something in't.
 But if my Muse is saucy, rump her,
 And toast the Author in a Bumper.
 She'll serve at least for Laugh and Sport,
 To spend some idle Time at Court.

And

And if she chance to have a Sting,

It ne'er can disoblige the -----

For whom I have the last Regard,

And willing serve without Reward,

From Him our happy Fountains flow,

And nourish all the Plants below;

But if some Filth corrupts the Spring,

We blame the M--r not ----.

Now if these harmless Verses tease ye,

Pray take this Nosturn, and be easy;

Bestow on me some wealthy Place,

And Chaplain-like, I'll give you Grace.

If this betrays your kind Intention,

I'll be content with simple Pension;

Thus paid, I'll sing you with my latest Breath,

And in your Praise ride *Pegasus* to Death.

THE



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I'VE often heard an antient Story,
So like our modern Whig, and Tory,
Unless I told you whom I writ on,
Perhaps you'd think he was a *Britton*.
'Tis wrong to say, at me it hits,
Because the Cap exactly fits.
I mean to make no Application,
Tho' it should suit with half the Nation.
And tho' I can't pretend to say,
What Place it happen'd, or what Day;
The Circumstances first suppose,
And take it as the Story goes.

Marcus, and Dick, in grave Chit-Chat,
Talking o'er Books, of this and that,

B

Says

Says *Mark* to *Dick*, Lord what a Rout
 Was made, of turning in and out.
 Soon as *Sejanus* lost his Place,
 Ferment arose amongst the Race;
 Who lull'd the Nation with a Dream,
 Under the Mask of public Scheme;
 Suspecting each his patriot Brother,
 And diffident of one another;
 Whilst they the envy'd Bone dispute;
Sandynus all the Time sat mute.
 Debates ran high, and to decide
 Was difficult, who should preside;
 As Statesmen wise who choose to rule,
 For Royal King, prefer a Fool,
 And think their Power then commence,
 When Prince is without Friend, or Sense,
 So the contending Partizans
 Cry out at length for Goody S---;
 The giddy Height soon turn'd his Brain,
 And he must now troop out again;
 So when the stormy Wind subsides,
 The quiet Vessel calmly rides,
 But Storms more dreadful still arise,
 And lift her to the lofty Skies,
 Succeeding Waves, like Mountains steep,
 Again o'erwhelm her in the Deep.

The Hare, 'tis said, had many Friends,
 But only so to serve their Ends ;
 So *Rome*, now in this woeful Case,
 Found many Friends to fill this Place ;
 Not one of all the sordid Crew,
 But thought it to his Merit due.
 And when she cry'd to heal her Wound,
 Alas ! no single Friend is found.--
 The Doctor never blames his Pill,
 Tho' it does sure his Patient kill ;
 So *Roma* hope not to obtain
 Relief from those who caus'd thy Pain ;
 From *Lapwole*, *Hamlet*, *Wickward's* Train.
 But what are ye ? O sordid Tribe !
 Who thus are conquer'd by a Bribe.
 How oft in pleasing Raptures hung
Romania's Genius on your Tongue.
 So natural was ev'ry Part,
 It seem'd the Dictate of the Heart.
 For Liberty so nobly plead,
 Yet join to make your Country bleed !
 That Eloquence which gain'd Applause,
 Subverts her Liberty, and Laws.
 Indignant Change ! O foul Disgrace !
 To sell your Freedom, for a Place.

When

When *Marlbranche* legatee'd her Tit,
 She paid the Patriot, not the Wit;
 But She now dead, and He -----,
 Thus doubly fed will thrive the faster.
 And wisely teaches, all the Art is
 To get a Fee from both the Parties.

O *Little Tom*, the Wise, the Great,
 Become a servile Tool of State!
 Like fallen Angel grov'ling dwell,
 Look at the Height from whence you fell!
Romania's guardian Angel meant,
 Perverted Heaven's wise Intent.
 Each Heart was warm'd with sweet Delight,
 To see you vindicate her Right;
 Now firmly link'd, and bound to those,
 So nobly once you did oppose.
 Creep on the Ground, thou Son of Earth,
 Contaminate your noble Birth;
 The Man whom *Roma* honour'd most!
 Is fallen, funk, for ever lost!

Why should I *Beedberd*, *Greenhill* name?
 They now, alas! are dead to Fame;
 In *B---ck---gh---m* 'twill sound as clever,
Beedberd and *Greenhill* live for ever.

O *Chesterchamp*

O *Chesterchamp*, unspotted Mark!
 How bright you shine amidst the Dark;
 Honours attend Thee out of Place
 Tho' S---cr---t---y in Disgrace
 Boldly oppos'd great *Hamlet's* Will,
 Supporting public Virtue still;
 Shine on, bright Star! and tell to Fame,
 That Virtue yet is more than Name.

Of all the hollow Tree that stood
 Amongst the blasted patriot Wood,
 One fair, and grac'd with Dignity,
 Conspicu's tall, and nobly high,
 Was thought the fittest to support,
 The tott'ring State of *Cesar's* Court;
 'Twas not expected it should stand,
 Unless repair'd by skilful Hand;
 For destitute of all Alliance,
Hesperia even bid Defiance,
 His Fleets were sent to view the Ocean,
 But not a Mortal had a Notion,
 That earnestly they did intend
 To make one Enemy or Friend;
 But paid like Penance, by Contrition,
 For ill judg'd *Punic* Expedition;

Whilst neutral *Har Duke* rang'd the Seas,
 And thus all Parties sure to please,
 Except some sturdy Beggars grumbling,
 Who for it, well deserve an humbling.
 For out of Love and wondrous Pity,
 The War was made to please the C---;
 And if they make the Music play,
 They justly should the Pipers pay.
 When it was mutually agreed,
 That *Gramp Hill* only should succeed;
 The Plot contriv'd, the Scheme was laid,
 And trembling Patriots grew afraid;
Gallia, with Conquest grown elate,
 Saw *Roman* Armies at her Gate;
Hesperia would no more contend,
 Forsaken by her faithless Friend;
Tutonia, tempted by a Bait
 Of adding to its little State,
 Grew fond, and found more Confidence,
 To see the *Romans* rul'd by Sense.

Whilst things went glib, and smoothly on,
 And like the Northern Star they shone,
Hamlet grown jealous of his Neighbour,
 And not content with Pay, for Labour,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd himself to mount the *Rostrum*,
 And hold it by *Sejanus' Nostrum*.
 To lead the cringing, needy Tribe,
 By threatned Fear, or pleasing Bribe.
 He took Advantage of a Blunder,
 And so succeeded to a Wonder.

Blind Man! who ever dares pretend
 Always to be fair Wisdom's Friend;
 Folly, in spite of human Reason,
 In human Breast will find its Season.
 The more conceal'd the Plot is laid,
 The surer is the Man betray'd.
 Whilst at the Root the Insects lie,
 The Branches wither, droop and die.
 A Gen'ral, lest he should be beat,
 Often secures a safe Retreat,
 But who disdains ignoble Flight,
 Will dye, or conquer in the Fight.
 Had *Gramp Hill* form'd a Resolution,
 To make a sudden D-----
 The Puppets then he might have bought,
 And made them utter what he thought;
 Or, like his wiser *Predecessor*,
 First make his Rival's Power lesser;

The

The Head you choose to make quite bear,
 Begin and pluck out Hair by Hair.
 A crazy House will stand by Props,
 Take them away, and down it drops.
 These salutary Rules neglected,
 politic Bodies grow infected;
 At first, they gather filthy Rust,
 And after, crumble into Dust.
 A Failing, by this single Error,
 To future Ministers a Terror;
 Who learn from hence to stand by those,
 By whose Support they only rose.
 A Building move from its Foundation,
 And ev'ry Part will change its Station.
 'Tis too much Madness e'er to venture
 On Arches that have lost their Center.

The Sequel then of what I tell,
Hamlep triumph'd, *Gramp Hill* fell.
Hamlep succeeds, sure that was strange!
 And *Rome* did mourn to see the Change.
 So when the dawning Light appears,
 Hush'd Nature's drowfy Eyelid chears,
 But if the dark'ning Clouds o'erspread,
 She droops, and hangs her mournful Head.

Now *Gallia's* tottering Condition
 Was mended by the *Cis-l-*n;
 Victorious *Car* forsakes the *Rhine*,
 And check'd, fetters within the *Line*
 Nor *Wod* thinks now no more of *L-L*
 In Safety lies behind the *D---*,
 Whilst *Gallia* Hosts assail the Banks,
 And Conquest marching thro' their Ranks
 O *Rome*, can now thy Sons forbear?
 And stand amaz'd with dastard Fear,
 Forgetting C-----y and P-----r?
 Lead on, *brave Prince*, behold they fly,
 For Valour can with Numbers vie:

Hark! the glad Battle now proclaim,
 Our Hero pants with Thirst of Fame,
 Recorded once by R-b-l Bands,
 How *Juba* fights, and how commands.
 Thus great Examples will inspire,
 Each Breast grows warm with warlike Fire.
 The scanty Host undaunted moves,
 And ev'ry one a Hero proves.

But soon alas! unhappy Fate!
 The mournful Tale, O Muse relate:

With Eyes bedew'd, bends his Flock;

See

But

Now

See gasping Squadrons on the Ground,
 And bloody Fountains all around;
 Confusion, Horror, and Dismay,
 And dark'ning Simbaks overcast the Day;
 The mingled Limbs, and clodded Gore
 Trampled by conq'ring Armies bore
 House, Men, and Armour here were mixt,
 Like Chaos its Foundation fixt.
 The Shrieks, the Groans, and dying Cries,
 Drew Sorrow from the Prince's Eyes.
 Undaunted Courage aids no more,-----
 Whilst num'rous pointed Cannons roar;
 No human Force can now avail,
 Since thund'ring Batteries prevail.
 So the May Scythe, one fatal Hour,
 Mows down the num'rous blooming Flow'r,
 Should lucky One escap'd remain,
 Still looks more blooming midst the slain.
 The Prince unconqu'rd stood, and wept
 To see his neighb'ring Heroes swept
 (The Infant Babe yet still unborn,
 Shall learn that fatal Day to mourn.)
 As when the rapid Torrents roll,
 Sweeping away the Herds and Fold.
 The Shepherd on some pointed Rock,
 With Eyes bedew'd, bemoans his Flock;

But

But soon as ceas'd the swelling Rains,
 Explores with Care the poor Remains,
 Collects the Sheep that went astray,
 To raise his Flock some happy Day.
 To have *Victoria* for your Friend,
 Cannon with Cannon should contend.
 What Use affords our W---h---ch Store
 Unless the Winds will wait them o'er?
 The Winds reply, but spread a Sail,
 You ne'er will want a prosp'rous Gale.
 Money, Good Sir, we cannot spare,
 For Money is our constant Care.
 Are M--ll-ns rais'd, to what Intent?
 Amongst Buffoons thus idly spent;
 Who with it all, will not afford
 To buy themselves a hempen Cord.

See *Gaul* embolden'd now pretends
 To bribe or frighten all our Friends.
 Whilst in our S-n-te, one cries out,
 Take any Peace without a Doubt.
 Shall *Rome* her Conquest thus surrender
 To this intruding bold Pretender?
 And sit down quietly with Glory
 In leaving not a single T-----

If

If not a T---ry's in the Nation,
 Some will stand up in Vindication,
 Shall *Rome* forsake her fav'rite Trade
 For which alone the War was made?
 And cry, provided we're in Post
 No matter if the Trade is lost.
 A sure Defect is in some Part,
 They either want a Head, or Heart.
 Be not surpriz'd; 'tis no great Wonder
 To see a heavy *Hamlet* blunder.
 Who thinks like ev'ry puzzling Fool,
 That Money without Sense can rule.
 Money may govern ev'ry Station,
 But Sense must lay the sure Foundation.
 Tho' Drugs are good, yet like a Bribe,
 'Tis the Physician must prescribe.
 Should he want Skill in the Prescription,
 He fails beyond all Contradiction;
 And if the Med'cine misapplies,
 The Patient by his Blunder dies.
 Then hang the Doctor, not the Pill,
 We blame him for his Want of Skill;
 Who dares pretend, for Sake of Fee,
 To poison all Mankind and Me.

When

When *Stewards* err, 'tis best always best
 To make Complaint, and be redrest.
 But think it not the *Master's* Fault,
 If they should act not as they ought:
 Some Accidents may intervene,
 To common Eyes that are unseen,
 And make his *Lord* believe Him right,
 When others see it diff'rent quite;
 But if I find, his silly *Lord*
 Can neither punish, nor reward,
 I'll ask his *Lordship's* Pardon roundly,
 And thresh his wicked Steward soundly;
 If wrongfully he blames the *Master*,
 'Twou'd egg me on to drub the faster.
 But *Stewards* now we see of late
 Regard not *Master's* Love, nor Hate,
 And if he talks to turn away,
 No Mortal of us all will stay:
 What Heads will then his House afford
 To manage *Rents*, and conceal *Bord*?
 And fill by *Chance* the *Cellar's* Place
 With so much Dignity and Grace?

The *Master*, seeing all Confusion,
 Is led away by this Delusion,

E

And

And thinks it better to be humble,
 Than that the *Manner* all should tumble.
 Triumphant thus they boldly reign,
 Since Master proves a Fool, 'tis plain.

The Man who would be truly wise,
 Should beat down Follies as they rise.
 Rebellious Armies would you mend,
 Punish the first who dares offend;
 Cut up his Root, destroy, and trample,
 The rest will mend from his Example;
 Punish before they all combine,
 An early Stitch will save you nine.
 But if Compassion warms your Breast,
 One rotten Sheep will spoil the rest.
Unhappy Flock! now doom'd to bleed,
 Where would'st thy greedy Hunger lead?
 Impatient of the Fruit to come,
 You crop the Apple in the Bloom.

Blind Man! and quite bereft of Sense,
 Who dares presume the least Pretence
 To join against your Country's Weal,
 When all her Sorrows you must feel,

A Blooming Forest Tree behold,
 The Misery 'twill soon unfold;
 The Juices drawn in at the Root,
 Are soon diffus'd to ev'ry Shoot;
 But if by Chance the Roots decay,
 The Branches wither, die away.
 So each born Son must equal share
 His Country's Blessings, and its Care.
 May *Rome* unconquer'd still remain,
 And ride the Mistress of the Main;
 Her Sons reclaim their Fathers Worth,
 And shew themselves of *Roman* Birth;
 Preferring Glory in the Grave,
 And Poverty, than be a Slave!
 Submissive cringing to a Nodd,
 And feel the Smart of *Popish* Rod.
 Thus *Marcus* finish'd now his Tattle,
 And *Richard* thank'd him for his Prattle.
 Whate'er was said I punctual writ,
 And took it down in Manuscript;
 When it shall come to publick View,
 Think not, it points at me, or you;

For

A Blooming Forest, and you finch,
 They'll say, the gauled Horse will winch.
 The Juices draw, like one, at ev'ry Part,
 Are soon diffus'd at Heart.

S. I. N. I. F.

